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Pioneer East and West Line

Through the Upper Peninsula of
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240 Miles Shorter and 12 hours quicker
than any other line between Detroit,
Southern Michigan, and all
Points East and Southeast
and the Iron and Cop-
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Leave Marquette 9:15 p. m. 9:00 a. m.
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do Sault Ste. Marie 1:45 p. m. 1:30 p. m.
do Detroit 3:15 p. m. 3:00 p. m.

GOING WEST.

Leave Sault Ste. Marie 7:30 p. m. 7:30 a. m.
do Mackinac 10:30 p. m. 10:30 a. m.
do Oscoda 11:15 p. m. 11:15 a. m.
do Marquette 12:15 p. m. 12:15 p. m.
do Detroit 1:45 p. m. 1:45 p. m.

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REST

not life is sweeping
by, and dare be-
fore you die, some-
thing might and
hills have behind to conquer time,
\$35 a week in your own town, \$5 out-
fit free; no risk; everything new; cap-
ital not required; we will furnish you
everything; many are making fortunes;
Indian make as much as men, boys and
girls make great pay. Reader, if you
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office.

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. V.

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NO. 2

THE AVALANCHE,
REPUBLICAN.

Published every Thursday, at Grayling, Mich. by

O. PALMER,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

FOR ONE YEAR \$1.00
FOR SIX MONTHS .75
FOR THREE MONTHS .50

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Desirable Houses and Lots in Grayling
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Pork, Hams, Shoulders, Lumbermen's
Supplies, Immense Stock, Low Prices,
EVERYTHING BOOMING, at

Wilson's New Store

Fredericville, Mich.

SMILEY AND THE WIDOW.

A STORY OF MAKING LOVE UNDER VERY
SERIOUS DIFFICULTIES.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morn-
ing as he sat stirring the coffee with
one hand and holding a plum cake on
his knee with the other and looking
across the table into the bright eyes of
his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good
joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take
widow Watson to Barnum's show next
week?"

"You can't do it, Ed," he won't ask
her, he's so awful shy. Why, he came
by here the other morning when I was
hauling out the clothes, and he looked
over the fence and spoke, but when I
shook out a night-gown he blushed like
a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.
"But I will have to lie just a little."
But then it wouldn't be much harm
under the circumstances, for I know
she likes him, and he don't dislike her,
but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll
just go over to his place to-morrow to
borrow some bags of him, and if I
don't bag him before I come back don't
kiss me for a week, Nelly."

So saying Ed. started, and while he
was moving the fields we will take a look
at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-
looking fellow, though his hair and
whiskers showed some gray and he had
false teeth. But everyone said he was
a good soul, and so he was. He had a
good hundred acre farm, with a new
house and everything comfortable, and
if he wanted a wife, many a girl would
have jumped at the chance. But Bill
was so bashful—always was—and when
Susan Sherrybottle, on whom he was
so sweet, though he never said "boo"
to her, got married to old Watson, he
just drew his head in like a mud-turtle
into his shell, and there was no getting
him out again, though it had not been
noted that since Susan had become a
widow he paid more attention to his
clothes, and had been very regular in
his attendance at the church the fair
widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.
"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."
"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's
the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know
of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show
that everybody is talking about, and
everybody and his girls is going to.
I was over to see old Stockrider last
night, and I see his son Gus has got a
new buggy, and was scrubbing up his
harness, and he's got that white-faced
colt of his as slick as a seal. I under-
stand he thinks of taking widow Wat-
son to the show. He's been hanging
around there a good deal of late, but I
would just like to cut him out, I would.
Susan is a nice little woman and de-
serves a better man than that young
fellow, though I would not blame her
much either if she takes him, for she
must be dreadfully lonesome, and then
she has let her farm out on shares, and
it isn't half worked, and no one else
seems to have the spunk to speak to
her. By jingo! if I was a single man
I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying Ed. borrowed some bags
and started around the corner of the
farm, where he left Bill sweeping, and
put his eye to the knot-hole and list-
ened, knowing the bachelor had a
habit of talking to himself when any-
thing worried him.

"Confound that young Stockrider,"
said Bill; "what business has he there
I'd like to know? Got a new buggy,
has he? Well, so have I, a new bar-

ness, too; and his horse can't get sight
of mine; and I declare, I have a mind
to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night
and ask her to go to the show with me.
I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such
a calf as he thinks I am! If I did let old
Watson get the start of me in the first
place."

Ed. could scarcely help laughing out-
right, but he hastily hitched the bags
on his shoulders, and with a low chuck-
le at his success, started home to tell
his news to Nelly, and about 6 o'clock
that evening they saw Bill go by with
his horse and buggy on his way to the
widow's. He jogged along quietly,
thinking of the old singing-school day
—and what a pretty girl Susan was
then, and wondering inwardly if he
would have more courage now to talk
to her—smile, at a distance of about a
mile from her house, when he came to
the bridge, he gave a tremendous
sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his
mouth, and clear over the side of the
bridge, and they dropped into four feet
of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill
or paint the expression of his face, as
he sat there, completely dumfounded
at his startling piece of ill-luck. Af-
ter a while he stepped out of his buggy
and getting down on his hands and
knees looked over into the water.
Yes, there they were at the bottom,
with a crowd of little fishes rubbing
their noses against them, and Bill
wished to goodness that his nose was
as close for a moment. His beauti-
ful teeth that had cost him so much,
and the show coming on and no thing
to get him another set—good time
and young Stockrider. Well, he must
try and get them somehow, and no
time to be lost, for some one might
come along and ask him what he was
feeling around there. He had no
notion of spoiling his clothes by wad-
ing in with them on, and besides, if he
did, he could not go to the widow's
that night, and so he took a look-up
and down the road to see nobody in
sight, and then quickly undressed him-
self, laying his clothes in the buggy to
keep them clean. Then he ran around
the bank and waded into the almost
icy water, but his teeth did not chatter
in his head—he only wished they
could. Quietly he waded so as not to
stir the mud, and when he got to the
right spot he dropped under the water,
and came out with his teeth in his hand
and replaced them in his mouth. But
hark! What noise is that? A wagon,
and a dog barking with all his might,
and his horse is starting. "Whoa!
whoa! Stop, you brute, stop!" But
stop he would not, but went off at a
sparking pace, with the unfortunate
bachelor after him. Bill was certain-
ly in capital running costume, but
though he strained every nerve, he
could not touch the lines that were
dragging on the ground.

After a while his plug hat shook off
the seat and the hind wheel went over
it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill
snatched it as he ran, and after jam-
ming his fist into it, stuck it all wrink-
led and dusty on his head. And now
he saw the widow's house on top of
the hill, and what, oh! what will he
do? Then his coat fell out and he
slipped it on, and then making a des-
perate spurt he clutched the back of
the seat and scrambled in, and pulling
the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed
the other things beneath. Now the
horse happened to be one he got of
Squire Moore, and he had got it from
the widow, and he took it into his head

to stop at her gate, which Bill had no
power on earth to prevent, as he was
too busy buttoning his coat up to the
chill to think of doing much else. The
widow heard the rattling of wheels
and looked out, and seeing that it was
Smiley and that he didn't offer to get
out, she went out to see what he want-
ed, and there she stood chatting with
her white arms on the top of the gate
and her face towards him, while child-
ren ran down his shirtless back clear to his
bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and
the water from his hair and the dust
from his hat combined to make some
nice little streams of mud that came
trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he
was in a hurry, he said. Still he did
not offer to go. He did not like to ask
her to pick up his things for him, be-
cause he didn't know what excuse to
make for not doing it himself. Then he
looked down the road behind him
and saw a white-faced horse coming,
and at once surmised that it was that
of Gus Stockrider! He resolved to do
or die, and hurriedly told his errand.
The widow would be delighted to go,
of course she would. But wouldn't he
come in? No, he was in a hurry, he
said; he had to go to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're go-
ing to Green's, are you? Why, I'm
going there myself. Wait till I get my
bonnet and shawl and I'll ride with
you," and away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaim-
ed Bill, "what a scrape," and he hus-
tily clutched his pants from beneath
his feet and was preparing to wriggle
into them, when a little wagon drawn
by a white-faced horse, driven by a
boy, came along and stopped beside
him. The boy held up a pair of boots
in one hand and a pair of socks in the
other, and just as the widow reached
the gate, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr.
Smiley, that you left on the bridge
when you were in swimming."
"You're mistaken," said Bill, "they
are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you
the young man that had the race after
his horse just now?"

"No, Sir, I am not. You had better
go about your business," Bill signed
at the loss of his Sunday-boots, and
turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up the lines, will you?
This brute of a horse is always witch-
ing them out of my hands." This wid-
ow complied, then he pulled one cor-
ner of the robe cautiously as she got in.
"What a lovely evening," said she,
"and so warm! I don't think we want
the robe over us, do you?"

"You see she had a nice new dress
and a pair of new garters, and she
wanted to show them."

"Oh, my," said Bill, earnestly, "you
will find it chilly riding and I wouldn't
have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at his tender care
for her health, and contented herself
with sticking one of her little feet out
with a long silk necktie to cover the
end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley, a neck-
tie?"

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the
other day and I must have left it in
the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was careless,"
and stepping over she picked it up and
made a motion to stuff it between
them.

Bill felt her hand going down, and
making a dive after it clutched it in
his and held it hard and fast.

head; and covering her face with her
hands she gave way to tears. "Bill—
it is hard to tell which. Smiley was
"right side up" in a moment, and
leaning over the back of the seat hum-
bly apologizing, and explaining when
Ed. Wilbur and his wife drove up, be-
hind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that
he would rather have been shot than
had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a
scrape; but there was no help for it
now, so he called Ed. to him and whis-
pered in his ear. Ed. was like to burst
with suppressed laughter, but he be-
came to his wife to draw up and, after
saying something to her, he helped the
widow out of Bill's buggy into his and
the women went on, leaving the men
behind. Bill lost no time in arranging
his toilet as well as he could, and with
great persuasion Ed. got him to go
home with him, and hunting up slip-
pers and socks, and getting him wash-
ed and combed, had him quite presen-
table when the ladies arrived. I need
not tell how the story was carried
out of his life, and how they all
laughed as they sat around the tea-
table that night, but will conclude by
saying that they went to the show to-
gether, and Bill has no fear of Gus
Stockrider now.

OH, SAY!
LOOK HERE!

I have on sale the following novel-
ties. Read the list over and see if I
haven't something that you want:

PICTURE FRAMES.
A very neat ebony-finished white-
lined frame. Sizes 8x10 and 10x14.
Prices, 25c and 30c, with backs.

PATCHING PLATE.
Mends tinware, brass, copper, lead,
and iron of all kinds. Does it quickly
and well. One plate will do the work
that a tinsmith would charge you \$12
or \$15 for. Price, 25c per plate.

The Ladies' Sewing Com-
panion.
Keeps things in their places. Holds
two bobbins, a vest, every cushion
for needles and pins, four spoons of
thread, and a pair of shears. A very
pretty and useful ornament. Price 25c.

LONDON CEMENT.
It saves more than ten times its cost
in mending articles that get broken,
such as furniture, china, glassware,
crockery, porcelain, marble, ivory,
meerschaum, leather, etc. Its use-
fulness recommends it to every econo-
mic household. Price 25c per bottle.

Lead Pencils.
A good cedar pencil, the best of lead.
Always retailed at 5c each. I sell them
—with rubber tips, 3c; without, 2c.

C. E. STUNK,
AVALANCHE OFFICE,
Grayling, Mich.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness.
Instead of feeling tired and
worn out, instead of aches
and pains, wouldn't you
rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling
miserable and good for no-
thing, and no one but your-
self can find fault, but if you
are tired of that kind of life,
you can change it if you
choose.

How? By getting one
bottle of Brown's Iron Bit-
ters, and taking it regularly
according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1882.
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with
pain in my side and back, and great
weakness of my system, with shoot-
ing pains all through my body, at-
tended with great nervous depression
of spirits, and loss of appe-
tite. I have taken several different
medicines, and was treated by prom-
inent physicians for my liver, kid-
neys, and spleen, but I got no relief.
I thought I would try Brown's Iron
Bitters. I have now taken one bottle
and a half and am about well again.
I am side and back all gone—except
all out of my breast, and I have a
good appetite, and am gaining
strength and flesh. I can justly be
called the king of medicine.

JOHN K. ALLENBROOK.

Brown's Iron Bitters is
composed of Iron in soluble
form; Cinchona the great
tonic, together with other
standard remedies, making
a remarkable non-alcoholic
tonic, which will cure Dys-
pepsia, Indigestion, Malaria,
Weakness, and relieve all
Lung and Kidney diseases.

Michigan Central Railroad.

SAGINAW DIVISION.

Time Table—Jan 1, 1882.

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp.	Freight.
Chicago, leave.	9:10 p. m.	9:00 a. m.	
Jackson.	7:00 a. m.	4:15 p. m.	
Bay City.	7:25 a. m.	4:40 p. m.	
Muskegon.	7:55 a. m.	5:10 p. m.	
Holt.	8:07 a. m.	5:22 p. m.	
Lansing.	8:20 a. m.	5:35 p. m.	
North Lansing.	8:25 a. m.	5:40 p. m.	
D. & M. Crossing.	9:25 a. m.	6:38 p. m.	
Oshtemo.	9:28 a. m.	7:00 p. m.	
Chesaning.	10:00 a. m.	7:30 p. m.	
St. Charles.	10:15 a. m.	7:45 p. m.	
Palmer.	10:40 a. m.	8:10 p. m.	
Saginaw City.	10:55 a. m.	8:25 p. m.	
North Saginaw.	11:05 a. m.	8:35 p. m.	
P. & M. Cross.	11:10 a. m.	8:40 p. m.	
Zilwaukee.	11:25 a. m.	8:50 p. m.	
West Bay City.	11:45 a. m.	9:10 p. m.	
Bay City, Arrive.	11:55 a. m.	9:20 p. m.	

SOUTHWARD.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp.	Freight.
Jackson.	7:00 a. m.	5:25 p. m.	
Bay City, Leave.	7:05 a. m.	5:30 p. m.	
West Bay City.	7:08 a. m.	5:30 p. m.	
Zilwaukee.	7:35 a. m.	6:05 p. m.	
P. & M. Crossing.	7:45 a. m.	6:15 p. m.	
North Saginaw.	7:48 a. m.	6:20 p. m.	
Saginaw City.	7:58 a. m.	6:30 p. m.	
Palmer.	8:10 a. m.	6:45 p. m.	
St. Charles.	8:30 a. m.	7:10 p. m.	
Chesaning.	8:45 a. m.	7:30 p. m.	
Oshtemo.	9:20 a. m.	8:00 p. m.	
D. & M. Crossing.	9:25 a. m.	8:30 p. m.	
North Lansing.	10:20 a. m.	9:20 p. m.	
Lansing.	10:35 a. m.	9:25 p. m.	
Holt.	10:50 a. m.	9:35 p. m.	
Mason.	10:55 a. m.	9:50 p. m.	
River Junction.	11:20 a. m.	10:20 p. m.	
Jackson.	11:45 a. m.	10:45 p. m.	
Chicago, Arrive.	7:40 p. m.	7:30 a. m.	

All trains on Saginaw Division daily
except Sundays. Connecting trains
leave Chicago 9 a. m. daily except Sun-
days, and 9 p. m. daily except Saturdays.
Wagon Sleeping Cars on night trains.

MACKINAW DIVISION.

NORTHWARD.

W. Bay City			9.00
W. Bay City Y.	8.25	9.30	9.10
Kawla.	8.35	10.00	9.20
Terry's	9.00	10.25	10.00
Bate Road,	9.20	10.42	10.10
Elmington,	9.55	10.55	10.25
Stoudash	10.10	11.25	11.35
Wells.	10.50	11.55	12.15
West Branch,	11.00		
St. Charles,	11.07	1.15	4.30
Roscompton,	12.45	1.45	4.30
Chesney,	1.07	2.04	6.25
GRAYLING,	1.33	2.25	6.25
	a.m.	a.m.	
GRAYLING,	D 1.55	2.35	7.00
Orengo Lake,	1.57	2.45	7.00
Grayville,	2.07	2.55	7.10
Vanderbilt,	3.30	4.07	11.10
Indian River,	4.27	5.00	
Shohola,	5.05	5.45	
Mackinaw City,	6.00	6.30	5.30

